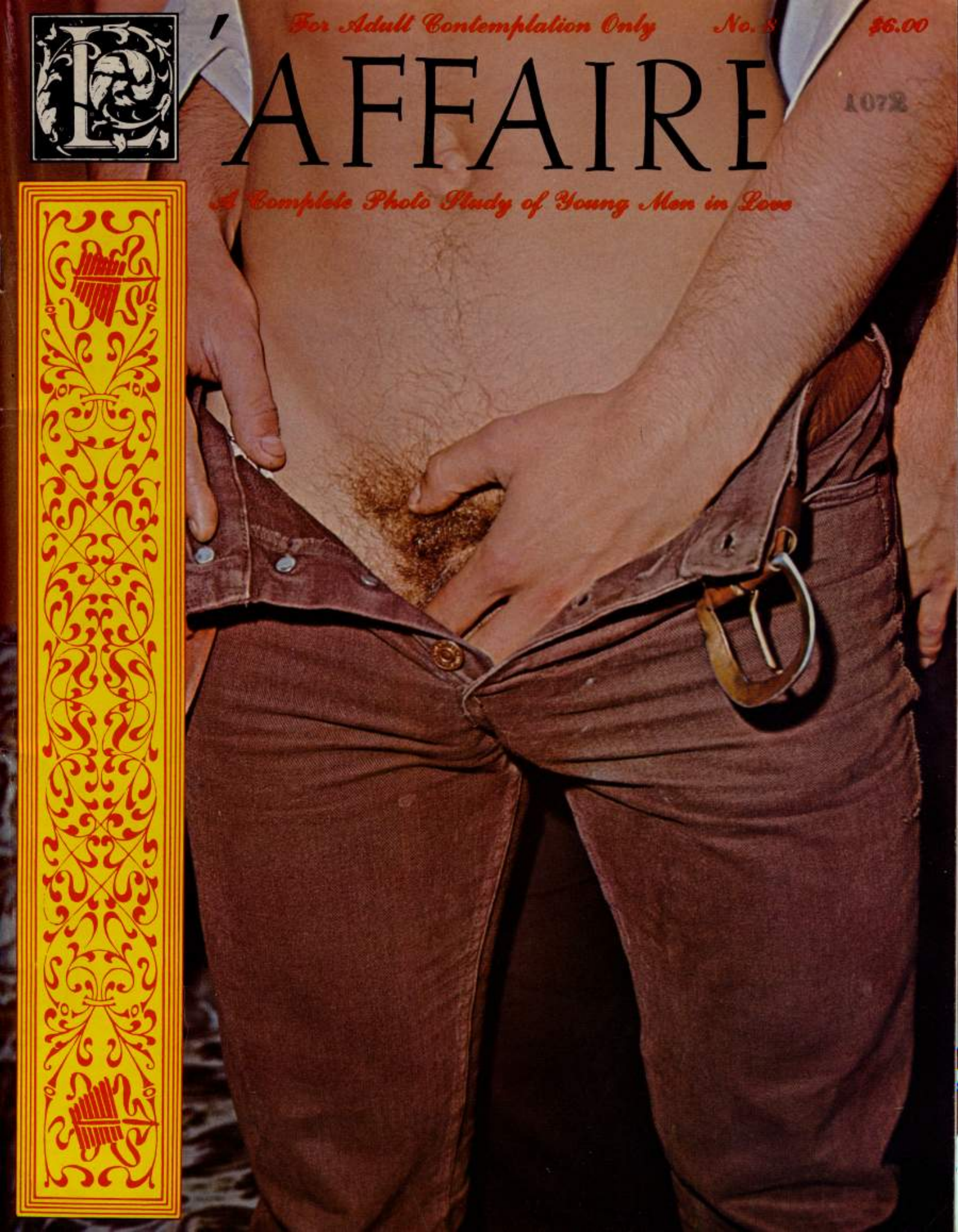
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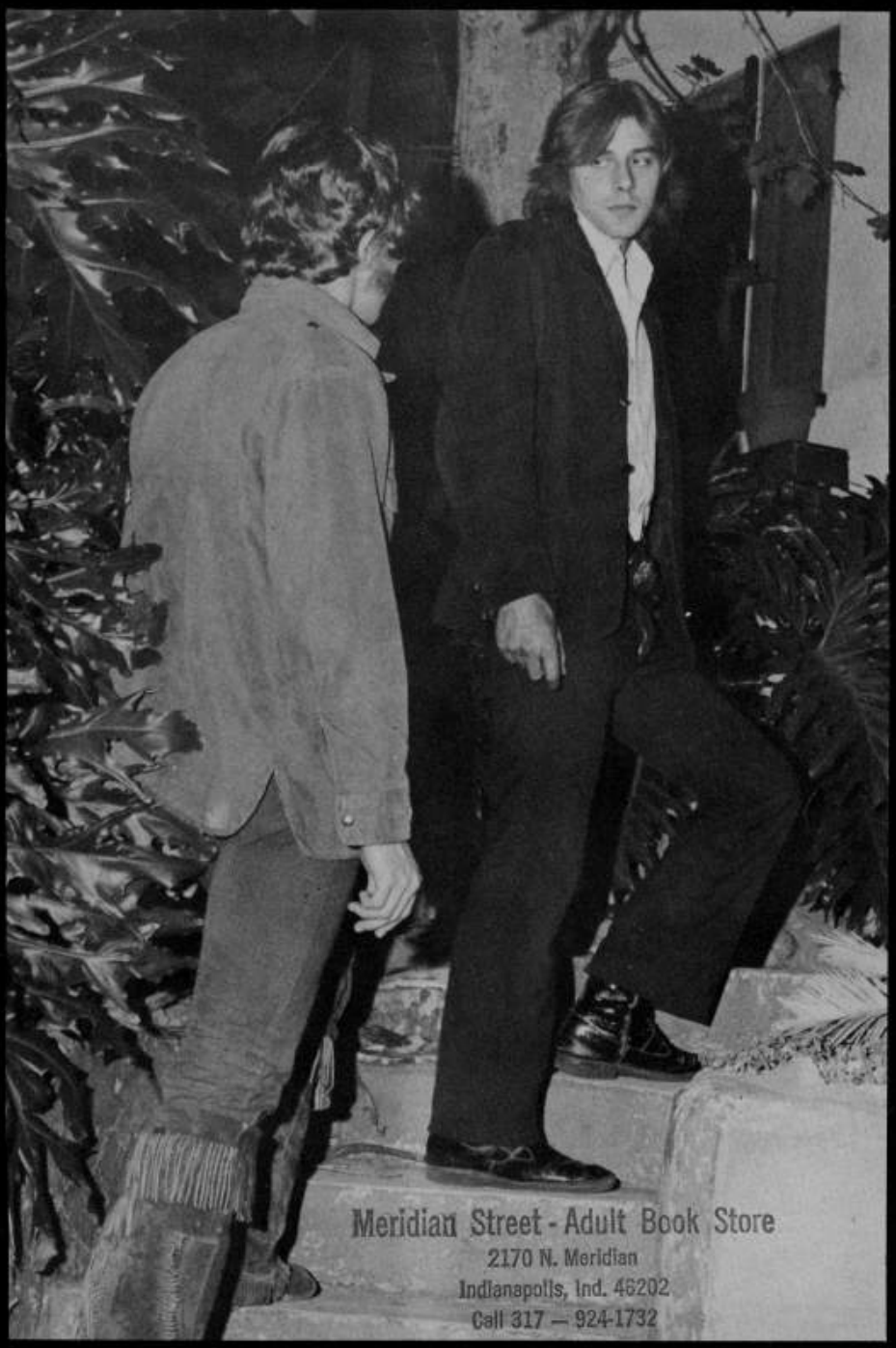
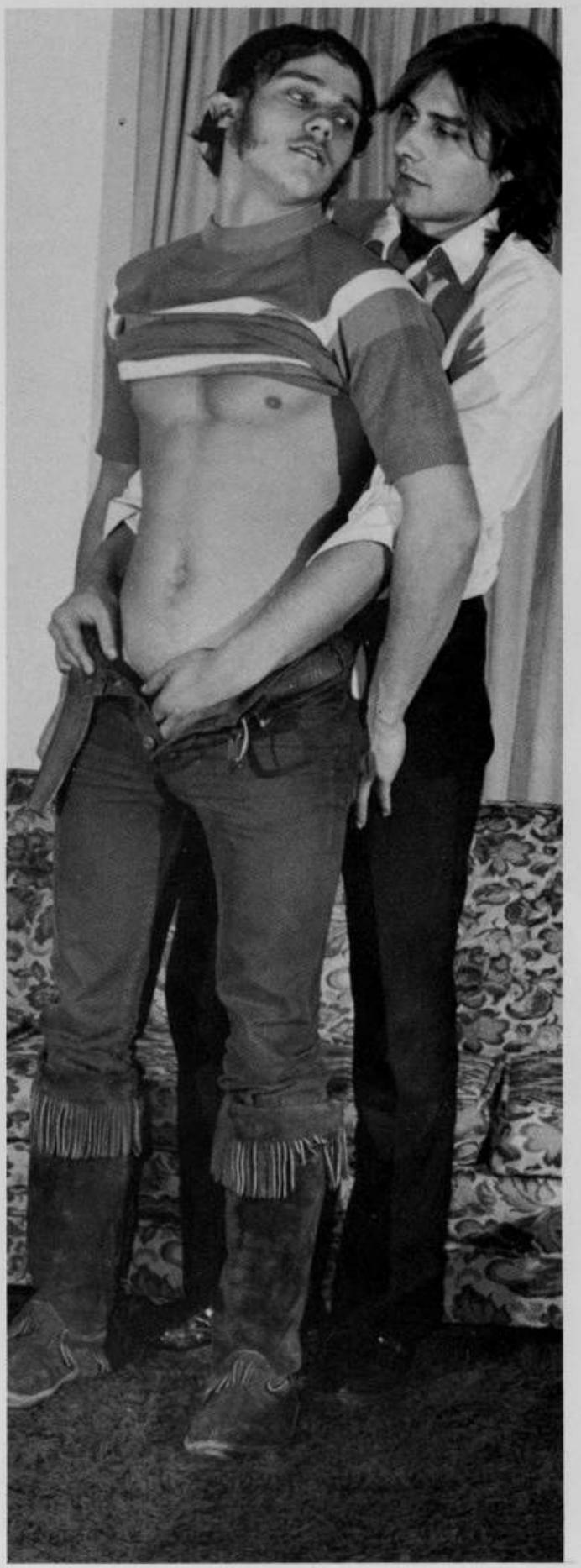


Josh's nuts had been aching ever since he woke up that morning. Naturally, the idea of jacking-off immediately flashed through his mind but he thought, "No, by God! I'm not going to beat my meat this morning—that's all there is to it!" He looked down at his roaring hard-on ruefully and inspected it carefully. He was an average, good looking guy, had a good job, plenty of money—but these constant, fucking hard-ons were driving him out of his mind.

At work, he had to excuse himself at least twice a day and head for the men's room. Holy Christ! He knew that fucking men's room better than he did his own apartment. He didn't know which caused which—a hard-on made him think of the men's room and the men's room made him think of a hard-on! Could there be something drastically wrong with him? He watched all of the other guys carefully but they didn't seem to be thinking of *their* cocks all the time—and women didn't do too much for him—but the idea of all those guys with their pricks hanging out over the urinals . . . now there was a different situation!



There was another young guy at work—Kirk was his name. He had long, wavy hair and he was really something to look at. Josh had tried to engage him in conversation several times but he always seemed to be on his guard about *something.* Josh often caught himself wondering what Kirk would look like naked . . . no, only queers thought things like that! Still—he probably *did* have a sensational body . . .

Later that day, while sitting in his favorite booth behind a closed and bolted door, Josh dreamily pulled up and down slowly on his steely rod, about half way there. He was thinking about how great it felt to run his fist up and down his rock-hard cock; that beautiful eight-inch tube which afforded him such pleasure and he fingered and kneaded his huge, well-packed nuts in their silken, downy sac. Oh, Christ, that felt good!

Suddenly he heard the outer door to the john open and he put his eye to the crack where the door didn't quite meet. He had often done this and got a subconscious, vicarious thrill looking at one or two guys taking a leak. Of course, their backs were always to him because the urinals were on the opposite wall, but just the thought of their peters hanging out of their pants . . . Once in a while, someone would turn profile and he would be able to catch a glimpse of him putting it away. That was always groovy!

He immediately recognized Kirk's back and his fantasies suddenly overwhelmed him. "Please, Kirk," he silently prayed, "please, Kirk, turn around and let me see it—" His eyes roved over Kirk's back and that small, trim butt so tightly encased in those pants . . . then he realized that Kirk wasn't taking a leak—he was just standing there and then his right arm began to move suspiciously—Christ! Kirk was playing with his dick.

His heart started pounding

madly and almost stopped when Kirk looked over his shoulder at his door. He knew that he couldn't be seen so he held his ground at the crack. Kirk turned sideways slowly and there it was! Kirk had a gorgeous rod-on in his fist and moved slowly to the empty booth next to Josh.

Josh didn't know what to do then. He heard Kirk bolt the door and the slithering of material as he pushed his pants down. Josh frantically searched the partition between them but knew that there weren't any bolt holes or anything like that so he could spy on Kirk. Of course, there was a good foot and a half between the bottom of the partition and the floor. If he doubled himself up and bent down real low, maybe he could see as far as Kirk's crotch. He bent down, his eyes on a level with the bottom of the divider. He could see Kirk's legs but they were still clothed. That meant that he'd only pushed his pants down to mid-thigh. Fuck! He wasn't going to be able to see *any*thing!

Still watching, his prick throbbing its urgency and anticipation in his fist, he caught his breath as Kirk's pants were slowly being lowered until they were around his ankles. Josh bent a little lower and his heart jumped at the sight of Kirk's bare legs. Silly thing—guys' bare legs didn't excite him overly at the beach or when they protruded from walking shorts—but man! Looking at them here in the toilet! Then he noticed that Kirk's thighs were being spread until his knees were touching either wall. And he *had* to know that someone was in the booth next to him. Of course, his own pants were down around his ankles—maybe Kirk thought that that was some kind of an invitation—well, what the fuck! It *was!*

Josh had had the usual puberty experiences of jacking off once in a while with his buddies but this was different! Before, all he cared about was the feeling he got when he came, but now! He really wanted to hold Kirk's prick and feel it and jack it and . . .

Daring more, he bent slowly and his hot, hungry eyes took in inch by inch of the naked legs until all of a sudden, he was looking straight at Kirk's nuts, jiggling up and down (man, they were *big* and . . . oh, God! He'd actually like to pop them into his *mouth* and . . .). Just above the agitated balls, Kirk's fist was racing up and down. Braving all, Josh bent lower and saw the whole fantastic scene. Kirk was obviously leaning back against the wall and his huge prick was on full display. Oh, man! Was that ever a *beauty!* Josh noticed that Kirk wasn't circumcised and the foreskin moved hypnotically, capping and uncapping the sensational, gigantic glistening crown which was gleaming damply from the pearls of lubricating fluid oozing out of the small, pink slit in the arrogant, upstanding, tautly stretched crest.

Kirk stopped and from his movement, Josh could tell that he was going to look under the partition at him. At any other time, he would have been embarrassed and would have tried to hide his aching hard-on, but now, he *wanted* Kirk to see him . . . see everything he had to offer. God! He hoped Kirk didn't mind circumcised cocks!

He pulled up his shirt the way Kirk had, leaned back against the wall, slowly spread his thighs and began jacking off sensually, cupping his balls in his other hand to give Kirk the best viewing angles possible. He knew Kirk was looking at him because he could hear his breath softly panting. Oh, wow! He was jacking off furiously just by looking at him—Josh!

Suddenly, Kirk's arm came under the partition and his hand slowly caressed up Josh's leg. Josh turned toward him on the seat so that he was almost facing Kirk's wall. Kirk's hand immediately found Josh's hysterical cock in this position and Josh moved even closer to the wall.

Now Kirk didn't have to strectch his arm so much and he easily began jacking Josh off. Josh wished to God that he could take hold of Kirk's prick, too. Suddenly, Kirk pulled his hand away and left Josh in a shattered state until he heard a soft whisper.

"Get down on your knees and slide them under the partition—I want to suck you off!"

Kaleidoscopic dots danced in front of Josh's eyes and his ears rang as his passion ballooned. Kirk wanted to give him a blow job! The guy actually wanted to suck his dick! He'd never had anyone go down on him before but had often thought of it during his jack-off fantasies.

He followed Kirk's instructions and eased himself down onto his knees on the floor. Luckily, the men's room was kept spotless or he might have had qualms. It was an uncomfortable squeeze but he was finally under the partition up to his towering prick. He reached down and pushed it under, too, so that it sprang up on the other side.

He almost passed out as Kirk's hot, wet mouth engulfed him. Holy Christ! No wonder everyone was always talking about blow jobs! This was the most heavenly feeling he'd ever felt! Kirk's tongue and teeth were doing astonishing, little divine things to the head of his rod until he wanted to scream! Then Kirk dove down on it all the way and Josh *did* moan. He whimpered and gasped until he felt Kirk let it slip out of his mouth and whisper savagely, "Shut up! D'you want everyone to hear you?"

Josh controlled himself and Kirk resumed his fabulous ministrations. Josh could feel the all-pervading thrill of his nuts boiling, the vast discharge getting ready to break through the barrier and explode out of his eight-inch cannon.

As the moment of truth approached, Josh began trembling uncontrollably. By his reactions, Kirk realized that he had a *virgin*—

a virgin in a toilet! Unbelievable! And he knew that Josh had been jacking off in the toilet for months. He had secretly checked on him several times and had seen the pants moving erratically under the partition. The kid *wanted* dick but didn't know how to go about getting it. He wondered how Josh would react when he came face to face with him outside of the john. He hoped that mortification wouldn't set in. He'd wanted Josh for a long time and now that he was swinging on his gorgeous dick, he hoped that this would only be the first of many, many times. Even if he couldn't get him in bed, at least, they could have sex right here in the men's room as often as they wanted.

If the guy had never had a blow job before, it was probably correct to assume that he'd never sucked a

cock before—but the way he was enjoying it, obviously it wasn't repugnant to him. He knew that Josh was ready to come and this was the perfect time to find out. He stopped and sat up. Josh waited breathlessly for him to continue but nothing happened. He suddenly felt foolish in his awkward position and more than a little miffed that Kirk had left him hanging on the verge.

He pleadingly whispered, "Please, don't stop now—I was just getting ready!"

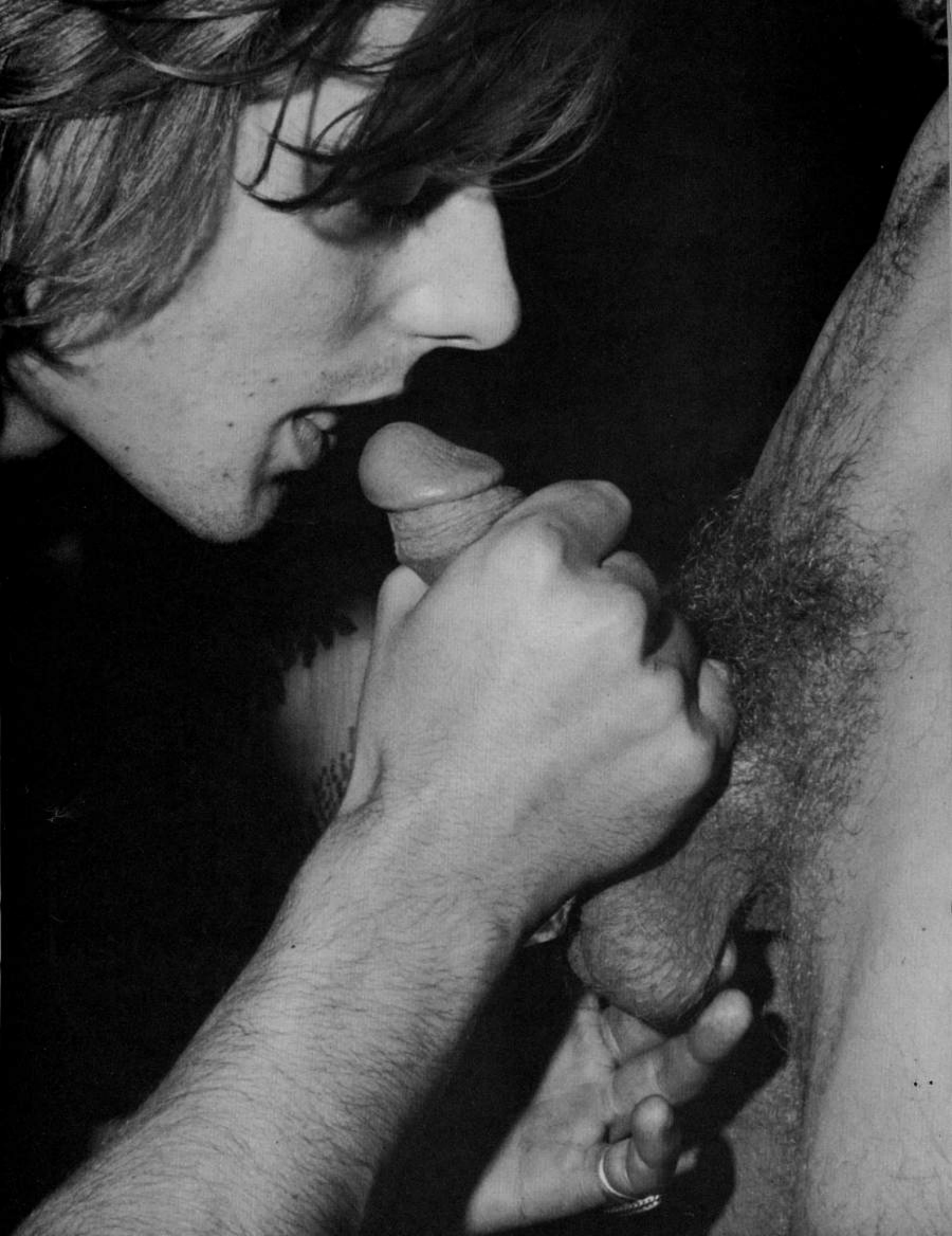
Kirk whispered back, "It's my turn—let's make it last a while."

"I've never . . ."

"You don't have to—but you can at least jack me off—you *want* to, don't you?"

"Yeessss . . ."

"Okay, then—move back so I can slide under."



A little happier and suddenly much more excited, Josh slid back and sat on the stool. Kirk immediately slipped under with practiced ease and there it was! Standing straight up from Kirk's beautiful, slim, muscle plated loins in a curly, crisp thicket of golden brown hair, Kirk's gorgeous prick throbbed and beckoned. In a sensual daze, Josh reverently ran his fingers over it, then encircled it with his fist and moved the snug, translucent foreskin back and forth over the giant, pulsating crest. Still grasping it, he lifted Kirk's balls and gently rolled them around with his fingers.

"Kiss it," Kirk whispered, "kiss it just once."

Josh couldn't help himself. He touched the small slit with his tongue, then he put his lips to it. It was so velvety—so hot and smooth! Mentally shrugging his shoulders, he slid his lips over it and let the entire crown lodge in his mouth.

"That feels *great!*" Kirk moaned softly, "it isn't bad at all, is it?"

Josh didn't answer—he just kept experimenting, first with his tongue, then he ran his teeth over Kirk's flaring corona, satisfied to hear Kirk's strangled groan of pleasure.

"That's good enough for the first time—now just jack me off," Kirk directed.

Josh did a great job of jacking him off, pausing every now and then to wet the long, thick shaft with his saliva—with his mouth—and got some toilet paper ready as he felt Kirk's prick increase even more in size, heralding the iminent explosion. Then, it was there—shooting wildly, spurting in great gushes which Josh couldn't possibly catch with the paper. A blob hit his lip and he involuntarily licked it—cum! He'd just tasted Kirk's—hey! That wasn't bad at

all! He dabbed a finger into a pool which had fallen back and collected on Kirk's belly—fuck! He'd be able to suck him off if that's what it tasted like.

Just then, they heard the outside door open and a voice called, "Josh—Josh! Are you going to stay in here the whole fucking day?"

They scrambled back into their correct positions quietly and Josh said, "Just coming," and flushed the toilet. The door closed and Josh said softly, "I don't know *what* to do—I'm so fucking horny and I can't go out there with a stiff-on like this!"

"Jack it off real fast—or if you want to take the chance, I'll open my door and you can stand in front of me while I suck you off."

"I'll chance it! This is my first blow job and I *love* it!"

"Come on, then—hurry!"

Josh bounced up off his seat, pulled his shirt down, his pants up and fastened the top button, leaving his prick jutting out. He hurriedly opened the door and moved to the next booth where Kirk awaited him with a hot, wet, greedy mouth. Josh stood just outside the door and Kirk bent forward. Grasping the huge base in his right hand and Josh's right buttock with his left, he sank the giant into his throat, then began bobbing back and forth furiously. Josh couldn't help it and hunched his hips in rhythm to Kirk's sucking. As he felt his charge again boiling up, he cupped his hands behind Kirk's head and with one or two more plunges, blasted off into Kirk's mouth. Holy God! What a sensation! The danger of discovery hit him just after his last paradisical gush and he pulled away from Kirk, hastily stuffing his fast deflating prick back into his pants.

When he was zipped and straightened up, he walked back to Kirk's booth and said, "I've wanted to meet and talk with you before. This is a wild way to make someone's acquaintance. Can we do it again?"

"How about tonight? Are you doing anything?"

Josh grinned and said, "Not if I can do something with *you!*"

Kirk looked at him seriously and said, "Do you think you'll be ready to suck me tonight? I mean *off?*"

"Sure," Josh admitted, "I tasted your come and you're not half bad tasting."

"Compared to whom?" Kirk parried.

"Nobody—you're the first."

"The first what?"

"The first guy who ever sucked me—the first guy I've ever *wanted* to suck . . ."

"Where will we meet?"

"My apartment's on Beachwood. Do you know where the little business corner is above Franklin?"

"Yes—I'll meet you in front of the laundry after work."

"Good—let's exchange phone numbers before we leave."

"Groovy idea—Josh—I hope we have plenty of occasions to use them."

"Me too. I'll have to admit, I've never felt this way about a guy before."

"We'd better get back to work," then he softly added, "and thanks for the offering—I loved it!"

They both went back to their jobs happier for the encounter; Josh remembering his aching nuts that morning and how much better a blow job felt than a jack-off.

Josh waited around in front of the laundry after work, his heart beating fast and impatiently looking at his watch. Where was Kirk? Maybe he was just playing him for a sucker. A sucker? That was damned funny when that's exactly what he wanted to be—a sucker! He couldn't wait to get that lovely dick back into his mouth and maybe they could do it at the same time. He was positive that two guys could do it as easily as a man and a woman. God! Wouldn't that be fantastic? Sucking and getting sucked at the same time! The thought of Kirk's naked body bulged out his crotch again. Fuck! Why had he worn those tight bikini shorts? Never again—he had noticed that Kirk wasn't wearing shorts that afternoon—God! That was sexy—but what about his constant hard-ons? Well—he'd have to think about *that* later.

Taking Kirk's phone number out of his pocket, he decided to call and see if there had been a change in plans—or a stand-up. No answer—fuck!

Kirk looked around in front of the laundry—no Josh! God damn it! So he *was* a little late—so he'd wanted to clean up and look and smell real great for him. Well—at least he had his phone number. He noticed one guy in the other phone booth outside the laundry so he took the second one. No answer! Probably got spooked—probably lost interest after he cracked his nuts. He felt that way a lot of times, too. He'd be so fucking hot—then after he blew his load, it just wasn't important for a while. But this Josh—God

BOOK REVIEWS

LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US by Lance Rogers (TC 205)

Val Donner's image of being the perfect angel is shattered when his father discovers him doing what comes naturally with another young stud. Fearing reprisals, Val decides to hitch-hike cross country to California. His first ride is with a trucker who knows how to handle hot teen-agers. Val is passed on from driver to driver who teach him more about sex than it's fair for one person to know. He turns Route 66 into Route 69 and for all we know, may still be criss-crossing the country.

WHIPPING A HANGUP by Stan Wentworth (TC 206)

Stan Wentworth, a promising young author, was inspired to write this bi-partisan episode concerning Ed and Harold, a supposedly firm alliance. Harold prostitutes himself by marrying for money and the main story deals with Ed straddling the fence. A bang-up conclusion finally clues you into which side wins, ending **your** hang-up!

SNEAK PREVIEW

OVER EIGHTEEN—OVER EIGHT by Dal Temple (TC 207)

The first time meeting of two beautiful boys, one supposedly straight, is marred by misunderstanding and the long, long trail back to each other has more obstacles to surmount than the Seven Labors of Hercules. The tortuous position of the latent homosexual is clearly depicted in this story and how it is overcome. Dal's first, but certainly not last, novel for the Trojan line.

T TOWN TEASE by Rick Tulane (TC 208)

A new author in the Trojan stable produces a side of Tijuana which is usually only hinted at. Doug Ferris, a Hollywood Adonis, searches for excitement south of San Diego and gets much more than he bargains for when he is drugged and made the unwilling star of a sex circus along with a handsome Marine. A breathtaking whirl of events makes this novel a mind blower!

Note: Soon to be on sale in your local "Adult" bookstore.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE SAINTS OF DE SADE by Ian Reynolds (RL 303)

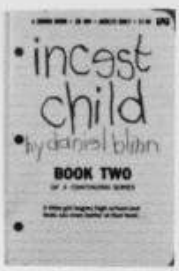
An unusual tale for this unusual new line of books. Orgies of pain and savage passion are the watchword in this novel dealing with the Satanic chains of the Order of Saint DeSade. If your bag is the out of the ordinary sex novel, this is ready for "take out".

TIT FOR TAT by Marvin Laurel (RL 304)

A beautifully related tale of beauteous, fun-loving Linda. She'd roll in the hay to be with almost anyone—just to be with someone. Her massive boobs and gorgeous figure sometimes led her to the wrong kinds of someone. And they always left her grim reminders of where she'd been right up to the chilling climax.

INCEST CAVE (ZB 203)

A handsome youth and his beautiful sister are captured by Mexican bandits, two men and a woman and held imprisoned in a cave in the wilds of Mexico. The sadistic leader of the trio tears away the girl's virginity, then forces her into incestuous relations with her brother. Knowing that they are to die, they give up in despair but the whirlwind conclusion has other plans for them and forbidden fruits are finally awarded to them.



INCEST CHILD — Part 2 by Daniel Blinn (ZB 204)

In this second part of a four part series, Hattie gets into high school and into trouble. The trouble is that she is interested in having sex outside of her family circle. This gets her in hot water with her uncle and hot pants with her best friends brother, followed by the entire high school football team.

Note: These books are available in your local "Adult" bookstore.

damn, that guy made him horny! He stepped outside the booth just in time to bump into him.

Josh grinned and said breathlessly, "I thought you were going to stand me up!"

"I just stopped by my pad to clean up and change clothes. Sorry I'm late."

"You look good enough to eat!"

"That's the idea, baby."

"And you're not wearing shorts under those Levis . . . I can tell!"

"Fuck, no—I don't even own a pair."

"What do you do when you go in to buy pants?"

"Let everything hang out—you'd be surprised at the service you get sometimes if those salesmen get a load of your dork!"

"I can understand that—I was willing to do anything in the head today when *I* got a load of it!"

"C'mon, baby—let's get to your pad—I can't wait to get you naked!"

They walked down Beachwood a couple of blocks, then turned up a street. "I live half way up," Josh apologized.

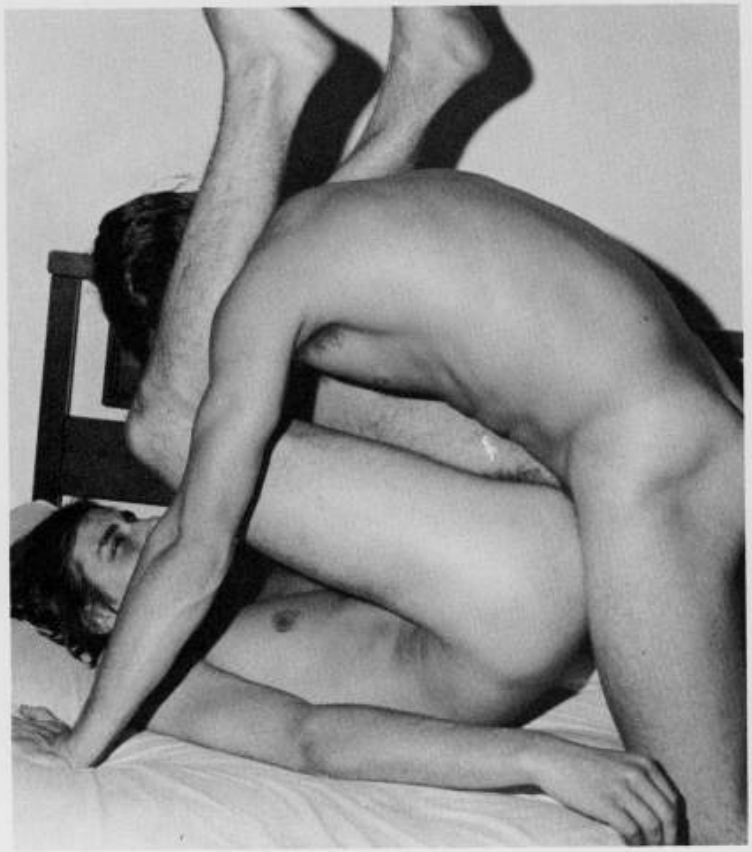
"Don't let that bother you—the heat in my crotch has made me awful light!"

After the steep street, they climbed up umpteen stairs and finally, Josh said, "We're here! Now you know why I gave you my phone number instead of my address."

They sat down on the couch a bit self-consciously, then Kirk asked, "Ever kissed a guy?"

Josh replied, "No . . . but if you want to kiss me, I think I'd enjoy it . . . after all, I'm going to stick your dick in my mouth!"

Kirk kissed him hard, succeed-



ing in forcing his tongue between Josh's lips and teeth and plunging it deeply into his mouth. Josh tensed, then relaxed and began to suck the hot lingual member as if it were a cock.

Kirk pulled away and said, "Josh, I'm going to show you all sorts of things if you're game. Sex is much more fun if you play with it. First, we'll get undressed and after we get hard-ons, we'll go through every position there is. I've found out—and you subconsciously know—that the visual impact of a lover's naked body makes you hotter and hotter. How many loads do you think you're capable of in one session?"

"I don't truthfully know—but I'll bet I can keep up with *you!*"

"The first thing that happens will be for you to suck me off—after I've teased you in all those positions until you can't stand it. You won't have come yet 'cause I won't let you—oh, I'll be sucking you and working you up but you can't come until after you've swallowed my first load. Now—does that disgust you to have me talk like that?"

"Nooo," Josh moaned huskily, "*please*, let's get started!"

Kirk pulled off his shirt, then proceeded to undress Josh. Josh felt that he was in Paradise as Kirk licked and kissed each inch of flesh which was bared. When he was naked, Kirk pulled him to him and kissed and toyed with him. Josh already had a tremendous erection and was getting highly frustrated because Kirk wouldn't let him get to the object of his desire. Finally Kirk undressed and allowed Josh to suck him for a short time. Then true to his word, he began getting in every position possible, standing on the cushions of the couch over Josh's head, forcing Josh down on the couch and dangling his beautiful dick within an inch of Josh's lips—everything to entice and destroy any of Josh's inhibitions.

He pulled Josh to the rug in front of the fireplace and said, "Now, baby—suck me off!"

Josh frantically scrambled for Kirk's prick and sucked it in voraciously. Bobbing greedily up and down, anything to get that first load, he heard Kirk ask, "Can you hold off if I sixty-nine with you? Remember—me first!"

Josh nodded and moaned passionately as Kirk reversed his position and once again, Josh felt the heavenly sensation of sinking into Kirk's beautiful, steaming oral sheath.

Kirk's prick had turned into the most desirable thing in the world and he sucked as if he'd been doing it all of his life. Cocksucking is not something which comes from experience. If it's enjoyed enough, even the rankest amateur can turn into an old pro in a matter of minutes. Later, Kirk told Josh that men always made the best fellators because they knew instinctively what felt best by visualizing it being done to them.

Kirk suddenly pulled his lips away from Josh's throbbing prick and said, "Get ready, baby—it's going to be new and different but you can do it! I'm—gonna—come—Josh! Josh! Here—it—COMES!!"

The alien flood crashed against Josh's tonsils but he gamely hung on, the first gag quickly forgotten as Kirk continued to suck furiously on his violently responding shaft. Josh's body began to stiffen with each ensuing suctioning but he involuntarily kept sucking at Kirk's cock which had long since gushed the last of the first load.

"I'm—coming—KIRK!" Josh groaned, his voice rising sharply. He grabbed Kirk's beautiful ass and forced the full length of his dick into his throat as far as it would go—then Josh let go! The barrage was so voluminous, it rocketed off the back of Kirk's throat and threatened to drown him with its vastness and intensity.

"God!" Kirk exclaimed, lifting his head, still swallowing the overpowering flood, "do you come like that every time?"

"I have a feeling that I *will*," Josh panted, "what's next?"

"In on the bed and throw your legs over your head."

To Josh's amazement and slight apprehension, Kirk began licking around the base of his balls, then down the perineum while his fingers teased and tickled both his prick and nuts. Kirk's wet, hot tongue landed directly on his asshole and he squirmed, then almost fainted with pleasure. Kirk used his thumbs to spread the tightly puckered orifice and licked it the way a kid would attack an ice cream cone.

He stopped and said, "Now, you're going to fuck me, Josh!"

"You mean . . . in your asshole?"

"Oh, c'mon—*no*body's *that* naive!"

"I've heard of it, but . . . how can this big thing go into that little hole? Won't it hurt?"

"Just getting used to it is kinda painful but it pays off in the end!"

He chuckled at his bad joke,

then took a tube of grease and made Josh's pole glisten with its slickness, then placed a blob on his ass-hole and pushed it in. Josh watched intently and saw that Kirk experienced no pain at pushing his fingers into the tight hole.

Kirk lay on his back and pulled his knees to his chest. "Alright, baby," he said. "I guess I don't have to tell you what to do now. Just take it slow and easy and you'll lose your mind!"

Josh placed the snub nose of his monster on the small, puckered, pinkish-brown spot and thought he would die as it slowly opened and let his head sink in.

"Stop there for a minute," Kirk murmured, then, "alright, Josh, move in slowly."

Josh sank to the bottom, feeling the slick, hot walls of Kirk's sheath give way before his marauding weapon.

"Now fuck!" Kirk moaned, "fuck me *hard* and *fast!*"

By the time he shot the second time and watched Kirk's prick spit volley after volley without even touching it, Josh was convinced. "What's next?" he inquired breathlessly.

"Now you fall in love, you stupid ass—think you can manage that?"

"That's the one position I beat *you* to—I already *have!*

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I have enclosed $_____ Cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ including 50c for the first item and 25c for each additional item to cover first class postage (Calif. residents add 5%.) Cash and money orders are filled the same day as they are received; personal checks must await bank clearance.

Mail to:
XXX, INC.
20251 PRAIRIE ST.
CHATSWORTH, CALIF. 91311

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State and Zip_____

_____

Signature that I am over 21